



# SPAWN

**image**

**21  
JUN**

**DIGITAL  
EDITION**



McFARLANE  
94

**image** COMICS PRESENTS:

# "the HUNT"

PART 1



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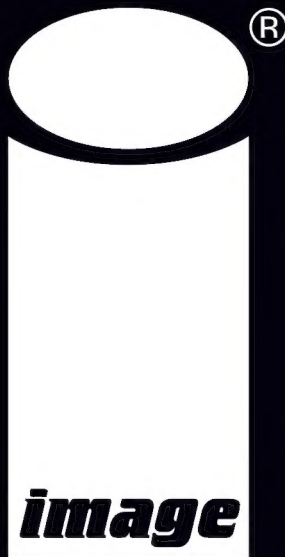
Dedicated to:  
**MIKE GRELL**

FOR IMAGE COMICS

LARRY MARDER - exec. director    TONY LOBITO - publisher

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**image**



HEY!

WATCH  
IT, YOU  
BUTCHER!

SETTLE  
DOWN,  
YOU BIG  
BABY.

CRIPES.

YOU'D  
THINK I WAS  
**MURDERIN'**  
YA OR  
SOMETHING.

NOW  
STOP  
MOVING.

OW!

IN A CITY OF A  
MILLION VOICES,  
WE FOCUS OUR  
ATTENTION UPON  
TWO IN PARTICULAR.

ONE IS THE  
CURRENT RULER  
OF NEW YORK'S  
HIDDEN BACK  
STREETS-- A  
FIGURE WHOSE  
LIFE HAS GROWN  
AS TWISTED AS  
THE MATTED HAIR  
OF THE STRAY  
DOGS WHICH  
WANDER THOSE  
SAME ALLEYS.

THE **OTHER**  
BELONGS TO  
ONE OF THE  
MANY HOME-  
LESS UNDER  
THIS NEW  
SENTINEL'S  
WATCHFUL  
EYE...

...ONE WHOSE  
GRATITUDE IS  
NEARLY BEYOND  
WORDS.

JEE-ZUZ!  
WHAT A  
**WIMP!**

LISTEN,  
AL. I'M  
DOING THE  
BEST I  
CAN.

SO A  
LITTLE  
RESPECT AND  
**THANKFULNESS**  
**MIGHT** NOT  
KILL YA--  
YOU THINK?

LOOK,  
I'M NOT  
**COMPLAINING**  
OR ANY-  
THING...

...BUT  
WHEN YOU  
SAID YOU'D  
HAD SOME  
**MEDICAL**  
**EXPERIENCE**, I  
ASSUMED YOU  
MEANT MORE  
THAN JUST THE  
BARBARIC,  
STONE-AGE  
KIND.

EVERY-  
ONE'S A  
**FRIGGIN' CRITIC.**

CONSIDER  
YOURSELF  
LUCKY I DIDN'T  
DECIDE TO  
**TIE** ONE ON  
BEFORE I  
STARTED.

**HA HA**

THEN I'D  
**REALLY** BE  
SHAKY.

GET IT?!

**TIE** ONE ON?

**TIE?**

**HA HA HAAA**

I CAN  
HARDLY  
CONTAIN  
MYSELF.

**THERE!**  
THAT JUST  
ABOUT DOES  
IT. BY THE WAY,  
I FORGOT TO  
ASK-- HOW'D  
YOU GET THAT  
NASTY GASH  
ANYWAY?





RAN INTO  
SOME BOZO  
IN BLACK.\*

\*SEE ISSUES 19 AND 20,  
NOT OUT YET! - Ton.







MY LIFE.

Oh. THAT.

NOTHING GOOD IS HAPPENING. EVERY TIME I MAKE A MOVE, THERE'RE SOME CREEPS OUT THERE TRYING TO MAKE A NAME FOR THEMSELVES.

I USED TO KNOW WHAT **GOOD** AND **BAD** MEANT. NOW **EVERYTHING'S** SCREWED UP, HEAVEN, HELL, DEMONS, MAGIC, YOU NAME IT. THEY'RE **ALL** AFTER ME ON SOME LEVEL.

HOW'S THAT MAKE YOU FEEL?

DRAINED.

I'M MENTALLY TIRED OF IT ALL. THIS ISN'T WHAT I WANTED. NONE OF THIS.

I JUST WANTED MY WIFE. JUST MY WIFE. NOTHING ELSE. DOES THAT MAKE ANY SENSE, BOBBY?

PERFECT.

LOOK, AL, I KNOW I'M NOT THE BEST LOOKER IN TOWN AND DON'T HAVE MUCH OF A LIFE, BUT I USED TO BE MARRIED, TOO. SAINT OF A WOMAN. PUT UP WITH ME FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS. ALWAYS THERE FOR ME.

MET HER AT A CHURCH FUNCTION IN '57. PRETTIEST GAL BY FAR. Y'KNOW, PEOPLE TAKE THOSE KINDS OF THINGS FOR GRANTED. I KNOW I DID. TWENTY-THREE YEARS OF HAPPINESS... THEN

**BOOM.**

IT'S OVER.

CANCER OF THE BRAIN. I DON'T RECOMMEND IT.

IT ATE AWAY AT THAT WOMAN LIKE **ACID**. BY THE TIME THE END CAME SHE DIDN'T KNOW **WHO** I WAS.

COULDN'T EAT. CRAP. MOVE. NOTHING. IN SPITE OF IT ALL, THOUGH, SHE DIDN'T PUT UP A FUSS. DIDN'T WANT TO **BOTHER** ANYONE.

ESPECIALLY NOT **ME**.

THEN THE DOCTORS--WITH ALL THEIR SO-CALLED POWERS--TOLD ME THEY COULDN'T HELP.

THIS WOMAN WHO WAS A SAINT, THEY COULDN'T EASE HER SUFFERING.

THEN THESE BUGGERS MADE ME SIGN PAPERS TO PULL THE PLUG.

**BLAM.** END OF GAME.

YOU CAN SEE HOW WELL I'VE HANDLED IT SINCE. WASN'T MAN ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE PIECES AND CARRY ON. SO I WALLOWED IN SELF-PITY 'TIL I LOST **EVERYTHING**.

I'M SORRY, BOBBY.

I DON'T WANT YOUR PITY. THAT'S NOT THE **POINT**. I JUST DON'T WANT **YOU** TURNING OUT TO BE LIKE ME OR THE OTHER GUYS.

WE LOOK UP TO YOU.



**GAWD!**

LISTEN TO ME  
BLUBBERING LIKE  
A TWO-YEAR-OLD.

WHAT I'M  
**TRYING**  
TO  
SAY IS THAT  
YOU'RE  
**OKAY!**

YOU NEED TO  
FIND YOUR ANSWERS.  
**DO IT.** JUST DON'T  
LOSE SIGHT OF WHAT  
YOU ALREADY  
**HAVE.**

WHICH  
IS?

US.

SINCE YOU  
SHOWED UP, THINGS  
HAVE BEEN STRANGE  
AROUND HERE. WELL,  
MAYBE IT'S YOU, MAYBE  
NOT. WHO CARES. WHAT  
I **DO** KNOW IS THAT THE  
BOYS AND I **LIKE**  
HAVING YOU  
AROUND.

MAKES US  
FEEL A BIT **COCKY**,  
IF YOU KNOW  
WHAT I MEAN.



IF YOU CAN'T PICK UP THE PIECES, THEN YOU AIN'T ANY BETTER THAN *US*.

WE ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE MORE THAN THAT.

*HELL!*

FOR OUR SAFETY, WE *NEED* YOU TO BE MORE THAN THAT.

THANKS, BOB.

THANKS A WHOLE LOT.

IT'S TIME I STARTED TAKING CONTROL OF THIS LIFE.

YOU TELL THE GUYS NOT TO WORRY. EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE.

*SPAWN THEN DISAPPEARS INTO THE BLACK OCEAN OF SHADOWS, LEAVING BEHIND ONE OF HIS MANY ADMIRERS.*

IS HE COOL? OR WHAT?

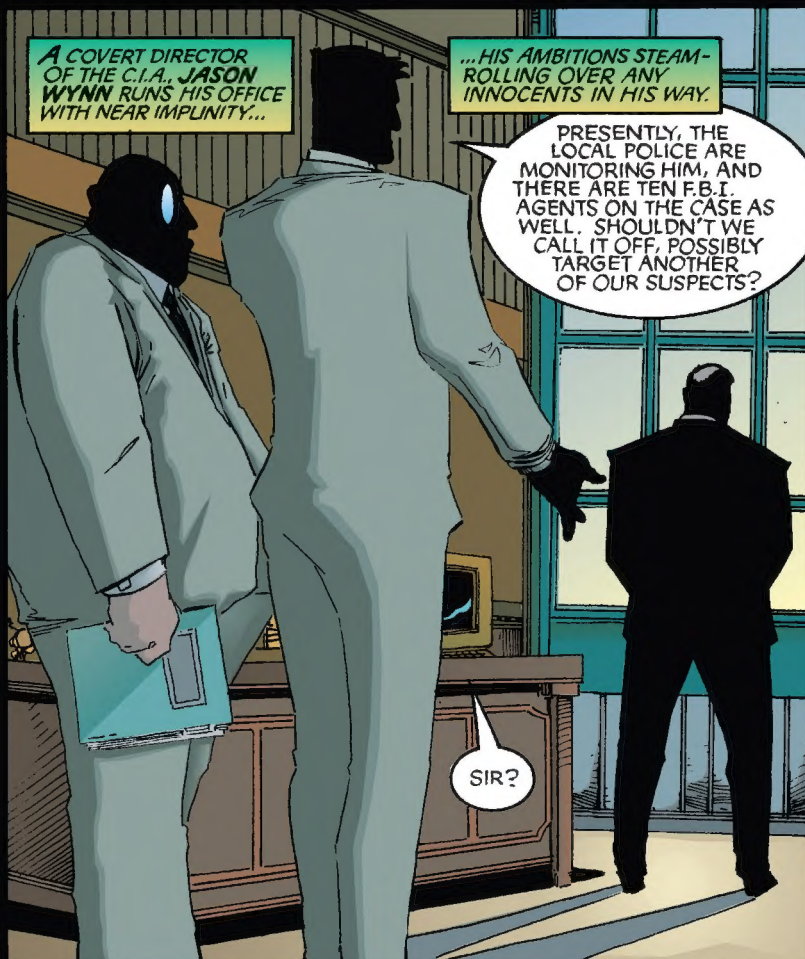
**WHAT?!**

UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S TRUE, MR. WYNN.

THESE NEW REPORTS CAME IN DURING YOUR RECENT DISAPPEARANCE. WE JUST NOW RECEIVED THE FINISHED BRIEF. AFTER EXTENSIVE CROSS-CHECKING, WE'VE HAD TO CONCLUDE THAT AGENT FITZGERALD SHOULD BE NO LONGER CONSIDERED A MAJOR SUSPECT BEHIND THE RECENT SECURITY BREACHES.

WE'RE SORRY, SIR.





A COVERT DIRECTOR OF THE C.I.A., **JASON WYNN** RUNS HIS OFFICE WITH NEAR IMPLINITY...

...HIS AMBITIONS STEAM-ROLLING OVER ANY INNOCENTS IN HIS WAY.

PRESENTLY, THE LOCAL POLICE ARE MONITORING HIM, AND THERE ARE TEN F.B.I. AGENTS ON THE CASE AS WELL. SHOULDN'T WE CALL IT OFF, POSSIBLY TARGET ANOTHER OF OUR SUSPECTS?

SIR?

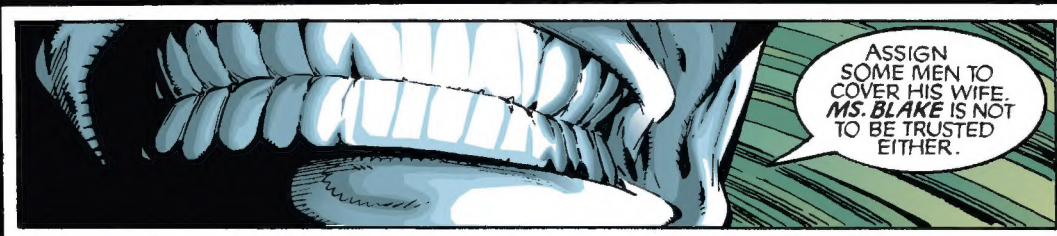
TRAPPED. IT'S NOT A POSITION **JASON WYNN** HAS FOUND HIMSELF IN VERY OFTEN. HIS TWO-DAY DISAPPEARANCE\* HAS FURTHER COMPLICATED THE SITUATION. THE PRESIDENT WASN'T SATISFIED WITH WYNN'S EXPLANATION. TO PULL MEN FROM AN OPERATION WOULD BE A CLEAR ADMISSION OF ERROR...

...AND WEAKNESS.

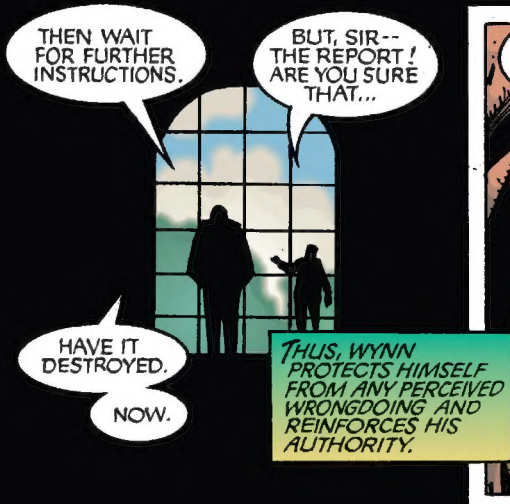
CONTINUE SURVEILLANCE AS USUAL.

FITZGERALD REMAINS OUR PRIME TARGET.

\*ISSUES 16 TO 18 -- TONY



ASSIGN SOME MEN TO COVER HIS WIFE. **MS. BLAKE** IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED EITHER.



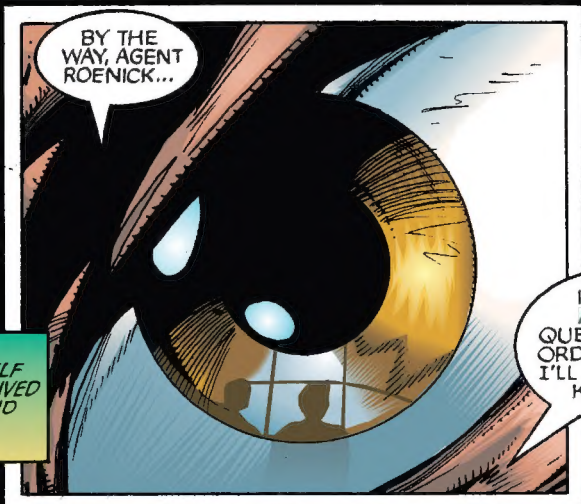
THEN WAIT FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

BUT, SIR-- THE REPORT! ARE YOU SURE THAT...

HAVE IT DESTROYED.

NOW.

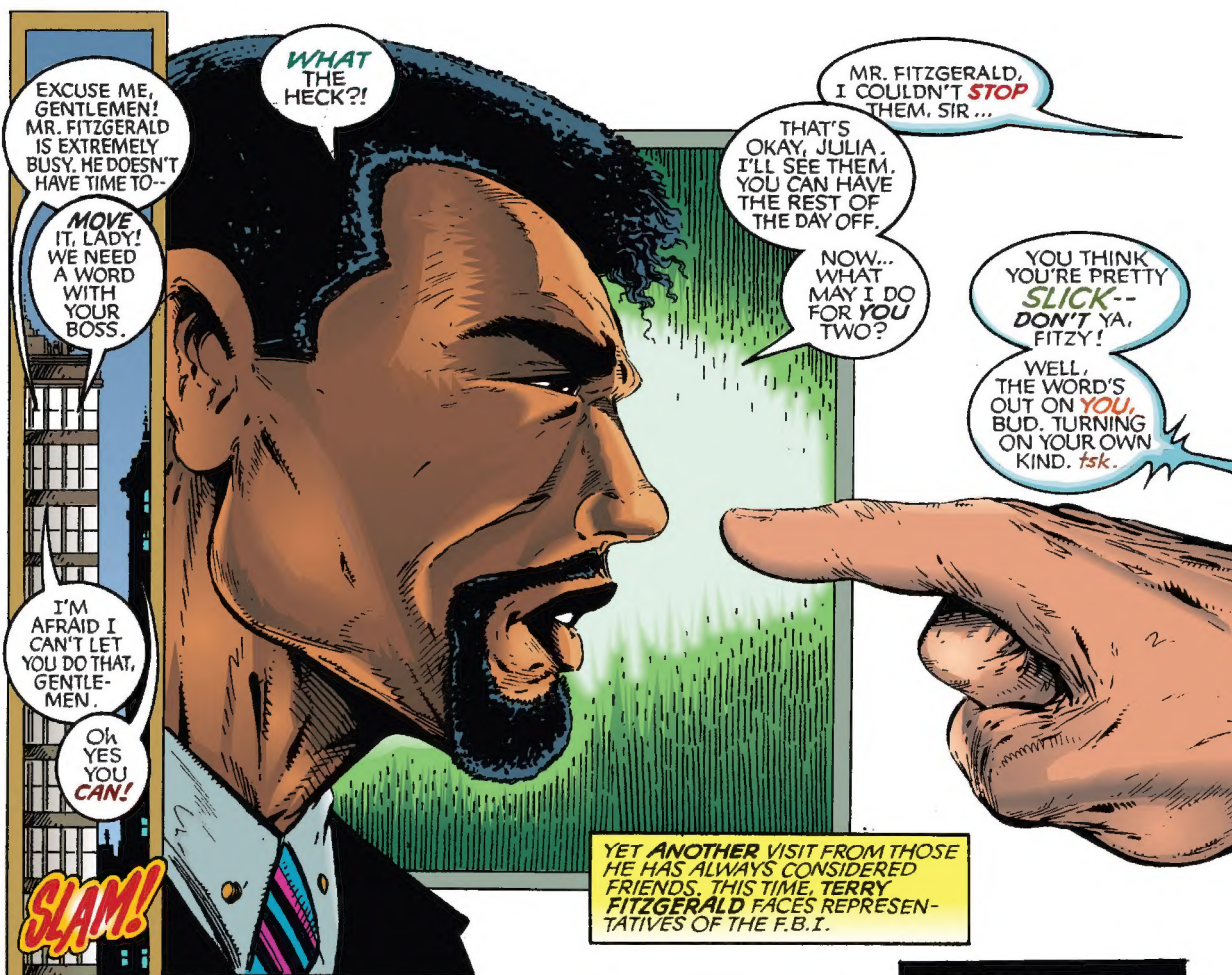
THIS, WYNN PROTECTS HIMSELF FROM ANY PERCEIVED WRONGDOING AND REINFORCES HIS AUTHORITY.



BY THE WAY, AGENT ROENICK...

IF YOU **EVER** QUESTION MY ORDERS AGAIN, I'LL HAVE YOU KILLED.





EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN! MR. FITZGERALD IS EXTREMELY BUSY. HE DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO--

MOVE IT, LADY! WE NEED A WORD WITH YOUR BOSS.

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, GENTLEMEN.

Oh YES YOU CAN!

WHAT THE HECK?!

MR. FITZGERALD, I COULDN'T **STOP** THEM, SIR ...

THAT'S OKAY, JULIA. I'LL SEE THEM. YOU CAN HAVE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF.

NOW... WHAT MAY I DO FOR YOU TWO?

YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY **SLICK**-- **DON'T** YA, FITZY!

WELL, THE WORD'S OUT ON **YOU**, BUD. TURNING ON YOUR OWN KIND. *tsk.*

**SLAM!**

YET ANOTHER VISIT FROM THOSE HE HAS ALWAYS CONSIDERED FRIENDS. THIS TIME, **TERRY FITZGERALD** FACES REPRESENTATIVES OF THE F.B.I.



GUYS LIKE **YOU** MAKE OUR JOB TWICE AS HARD. WE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS WITH THE **CIVILIANS**.

YEAH. AND WE **DON'T** LIKE PROBLEMS WITH ONE OF OUR OWN.

EXACTLY.

**TECHNICALLY**, YOU'RE CLEAN... BUT I PROMISE YOU, **THAT** WON'T LAST.

YOU SEE, YOU'VE ATTRACTED THE **PERSONAL** INTEREST OF ME AND THE BOYS. **SOMETHING'S** GOING TO TURN UP. AND IF IT **DOESN'T**...

... I BET WE FIND SOMETHING ODD ANYWAY.

YOU'RE GOING DOWN, FITZGERALD.

TERRY CAN ONLY STAND IN SILENCE AS THE THREATS AND INNUENDO SLICE EVER DEEPER. HIS MIND RACES. HE AFFECTS CALM.



HE HAS BEEN HARASSED BY EVERY MAJOR SECURITY FORCE IN OUR NATION.

JASON WYNN'S DISPLEASURE IS FELT IN AGENCY AFTER AGENCY. WHEELS HE SETS IN MOTION SPIN 'IN ALL DIRECTIONS. HIS MOTIVES ARE NOT QUESTIONED.

SHUT UP, WEASEL. AIN'T NOTHING GOING TO SAVE YOUR NECK, TURNCOAT.

GUYS, PLEASE LISTEN...

NOW GET YOUR PHONE.

RINGG!  
RINGG!  
RINGG!

HELLO?

HI, SWEETY. JUST CHECKING TO MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T FORGET OUR DINNER DATE TONIGHT.

Um... uh-- NO, WANDA, I DIDN'T.

GREAT. I HAVE MARYANNE COMING OVER TO BABYSIT CYAN. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER AT THE PARK TODAY. *STILL* WON'T GO DOWN THE SLIDE BY HERSELF. MADE ALL THE KIDS WAIT IN LINE! SHE FINALLY MADE ME GO UP AND *GET* HER.

WHAT A KID!

ANYWAYS, ARE YOU GOING TO BE LEAVING THE OFFICE SOON?

Um-- SURE.

I JUST FINISHED A MEETING.

IMPORTANT?

NOTHING SPECIAL.

BETTER WATCH YOUR *BACK*, FITZY. 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO ONE WATCHIN' OUT FOR IT NOW.

WE'LL BE IN TOUCH.



MAYBE  
**THIS'LL**  
JOG YOUR  
MEMORY!!

EASY  
NOW,  
SIR.

NOW, LET'S  
TRY THIS  
**AGAIN.**

UMP  
THFF

POLICE  
BRUTALITY...

I GOT--  
MY--  
KOFF  
RIGHTS.

I'LL  
SUE...

YEAH,  
YEAH. I'LL  
WRITE UP A  
**REPORT...**

...MAKE  
SURE I GET  
EVERYTHING  
DOWN FOR YOUR  
**LAWYER.**

LIKE THAT  
POUND AND A HALF  
OF **CRACK** IN YOUR  
CAR. NOT TO MENTION  
THE **ILLEGAL**  
**FIREARMS.**

OF COURSE,  
I CAN SEE HOW  
AN UPSTANDING  
CITIZEN LIKE YOUR-  
SELF WILL BE TAKEN  
AT **HIS** WORD IN  
THIS INCIDENT.

WHAT D'YA  
THINK,  
TWITCH?

I'M  
LOOKING  
FOR A  
NEW JOB  
TOMORROW,  
SIR.

**CRACK**



GOD, I LOVE HIS SARCASTISM.

**SUCK** ME, FAT BOY! I AIN'T GIVING YOU NOTHING!

FOR DETECTIVES **SAM BURKE** AND "**TWITCH**" **WILLIAMS**, N.Y.P.D., AN OCCASIONAL SCOURING OF THE 'SKIN' DISTRICT IS JUST ONE OF THE ROUTINES. NOT MUCH THAT'S USEFUL GIVES ITSELF UP WILLINGLY. THIS TIME AROUND, THOUGH, THEY HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN A CERTAIN **HERO FROM HELL**. HAVING GLIMPSED HIS CAPE NOW A SECOND TIME\*, THEY KNOW THE TRAIL IS STILL HOT...

...THAT IT'S JUST A MATTER OF FINDING THE RIGHT RAT TO LEAD THEM.

\*ISSUES 5 AND 14 -- Tom

I **KNOW** MY RIGHTS.

WELL, HERE'S THE SET-UP. YOU, MY LITTLE SCUMBAG JIMMY, HAVE **TWO** DAYS TO GET ME THE INFO I WANT.

Oh YES!

LIKE THE RIGHT TO DO BUSINESS WITH THOSE **HIGH SCHOOL KIDS** YOU KEEP SHOVING YOUR DRUGS TO.

I GUESS THAT'S A RIGHT.

WON'T BE GOOD FOR YOUR PROFESSIONAL IMAGE IF YOU SUDDENLY HAVE TO PEDdle YOUR STUFF FROM A **WHEEL-CHAIR**.

DOESN'T LOOK COOL TO THE KIDS.

I SAID I **DON'T KNOW** ANYTHING ABOUT A GUY IN RED.

tsk tsk.

AND IF YOU **DON'T**...

...THEN I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET PUT AWAY SO LONG YOU'LL WISH YOU'D BOUGHT STOCK IN THE **VASELINE** COMPANY.

DO I MAKE MYSELF **CLEAR**, MISTER SWEET CHEEKS?

IF YOU **DO**, I'LL ONLY CONFISCATE YOUR DRUGS AND MAKE SURE YOU DON'T SET UP SHOP AGAIN.

I **SAID--**

DO I MAKE MYSELF **CLEAR!**

**EHH!**

**CRUNCH**

FOR THE NEXT 48 HOURS, JIMMY LINDEN DISPLAYS REMARKABLE INITIATIVE AS HE DIGS FOR ANSWERS.



ELSEWHERE IN THE CITY, AL SIMMONS HUDDLES QUIETLY IN THE DISCARDED WASTE OF THE 'REAL' WORLD-- CAMOUFLAGED BY THE MAKESHIFT BEDDING OF THE HOMELESS.

DURING THESE LONELIEST HOURS, HE WONDERS HOW HE HAS BECOME SO DISTRACTED FROM THE SIMPLE GOAL OF THIS NEW UN-LIFE: TO SET THINGS STRAIGHT WITH HIS WIDOW, WANDA BLAKE.

HE'S NOT SURPRISED THEN AS ANOTHER COMPLICATION CROPS UP.

AL!

HEY AL!!

GET UP, MAN!  
WE GOT TROUBLE AGAIN!

WHAT IS IT, JODY?

SOME NAZI-SKINHEAD IS OUT LOOKING FOR YOU. SAYS HE WAS SENT BY THE MAFIA. SAYS HE'S GOING TO KNOCK A FEW HEADS UNTIL YOU SHOW. SAYS YOU'RE A PUSSY!

ANOTHER SNARL IN SIMMONS' TANGLED EXISTENCE. ANOTHER HOTSHOT LOOKING TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AT THE HELLSPAWN'S EXPENSE.

WHAT HE'D BEEN SELFISHLY CONSIDERING AS "DISTRACTIONS" HAVE SURFACED AS ACTUAL THREATS. THESE FOLKS ARE FAMILY NOW, UNDER HIS PROTECTION, AND AL SIMMONS IS AT HEART A FAMILY MAN.

ON TOO MANY LEVELS, HIS FEELINGS ABOUT FAMILY AREN'T BEING MADE CLEAR.

IT'S TIME TO EMPHASIZE THAT POINT, LOUDLY AND WITH FEELING.





I DON'T  
GIVE A *CRAP*  
WHOSE SIDE  
YOU THINK  
YOU'RE  
ON...

I WANT  
ME YOUR  
MAGIC-  
MAN.

WHAT KIND  
OF SAVIOR  
LIVES ON  
THE *STREETS*?  
MUST BE SOME  
FRIGGIN'  
*PSYCHO!*





YOU  
CALLED...?

UHHH OWWW!

LONG FINGERS ENDING IN  
UNGODLY TALONS TEAR  
THROUGH CLOTH, FLESH  
AND MUSCLE...

... REACH  
BONE...

... AND LOCK TIGHT.

YAAAGH!!!



I'D LIKE  
A MINUTE  
OF YOUR  
TIME.

CRIPES--  
MY  
ARM--!

I'M  
GOING  
TO ASK  
ONLY  
ONCE.

WHO  
SENT YOU,  
AND WHERE  
DO I FIND  
THEM?

LISTEN,  
FREAK. YOU  
DON'T KNOW WHO  
YOU'RE MESSIN'  
WITH. WHEN THE MOB  
GETS MAD, PEOPLE  
GET HURT.

INCLU-  
DING  
YOU.





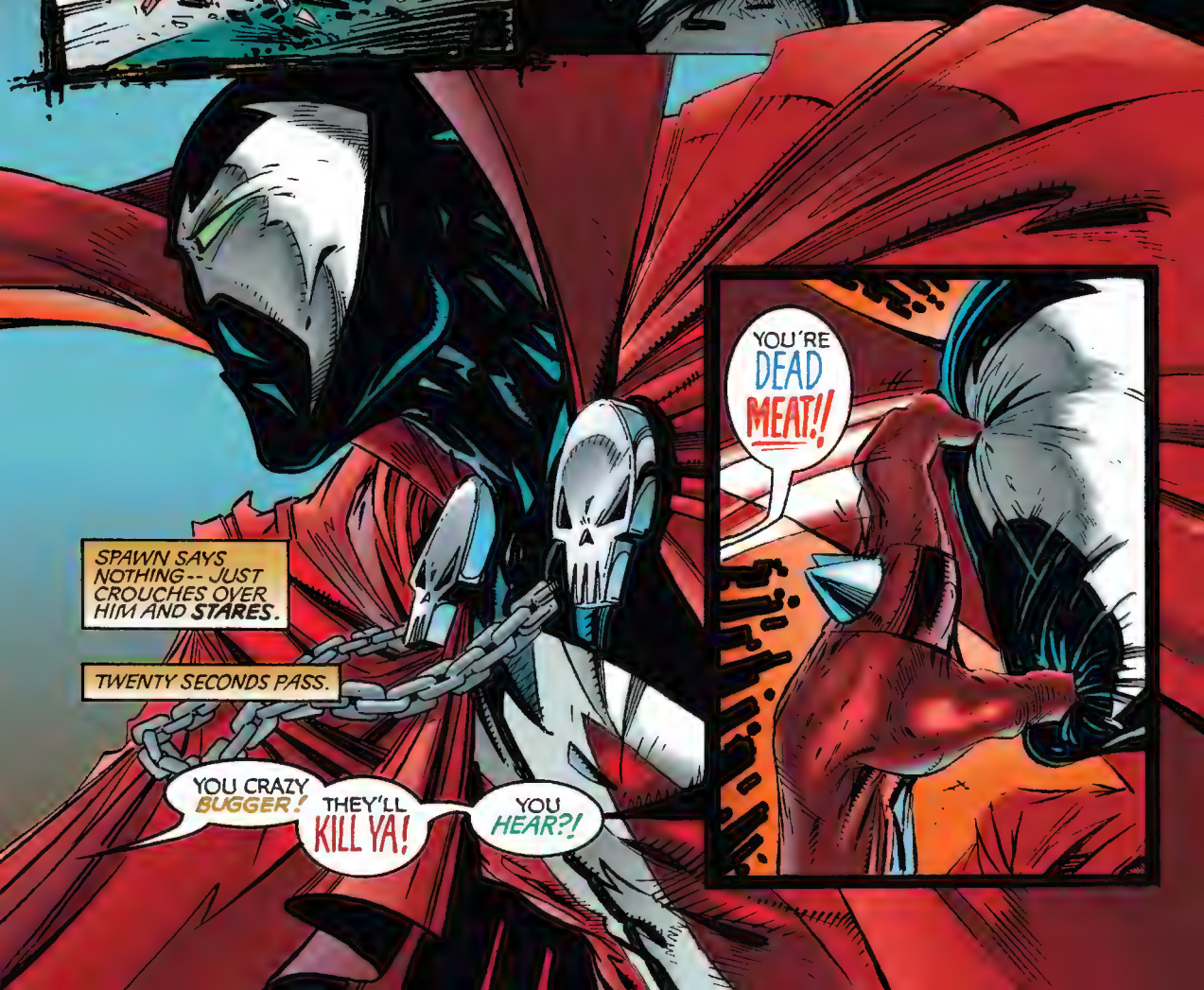


YOU  
TOOK THE  
WORDS  
RIGHT OUT  
OF MY  
MOUTH.

DON'T  
YOU  
**SCREW**  
WITH  
THESE  
GUYS.

THEY'LL  
**HURT** YOU.  
YOUR FAMILY.  
YOUR **FRIENDS**.  
EVEN YOUR FRIGGIN'  
**PETS**.

SO DO  
YOURSELF  
A FAVOR AND  
GET OUTTA  
TOWN. IT'LL SAVE  
**EVERYONE** A LOT  
OF BLOOD.



SPAWN SAYS  
NOTHING-- JUST  
CROUCHES OVER  
HIM AND **STARES**.

TWENTY SECONDS PASS.

YOU CRAZY  
**BUGGER!**

THEY'LL  
**KILL YA!**

YOU  
**HEAR?!**

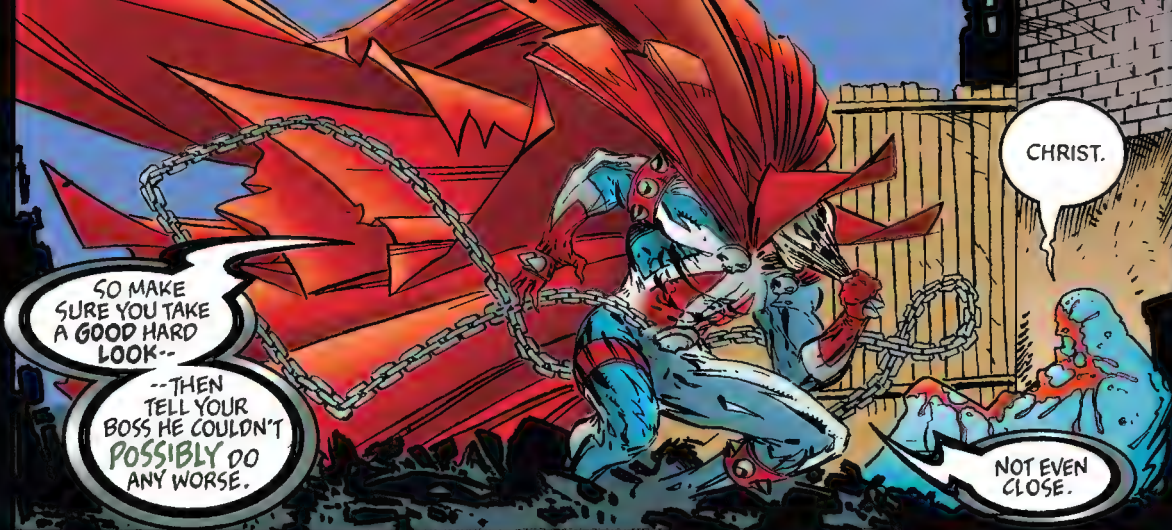
YOU'RE  
**DEAD**  
**MEAT!!**



YOU'RE  
DAMN  
**RIGHT**  
I AM!



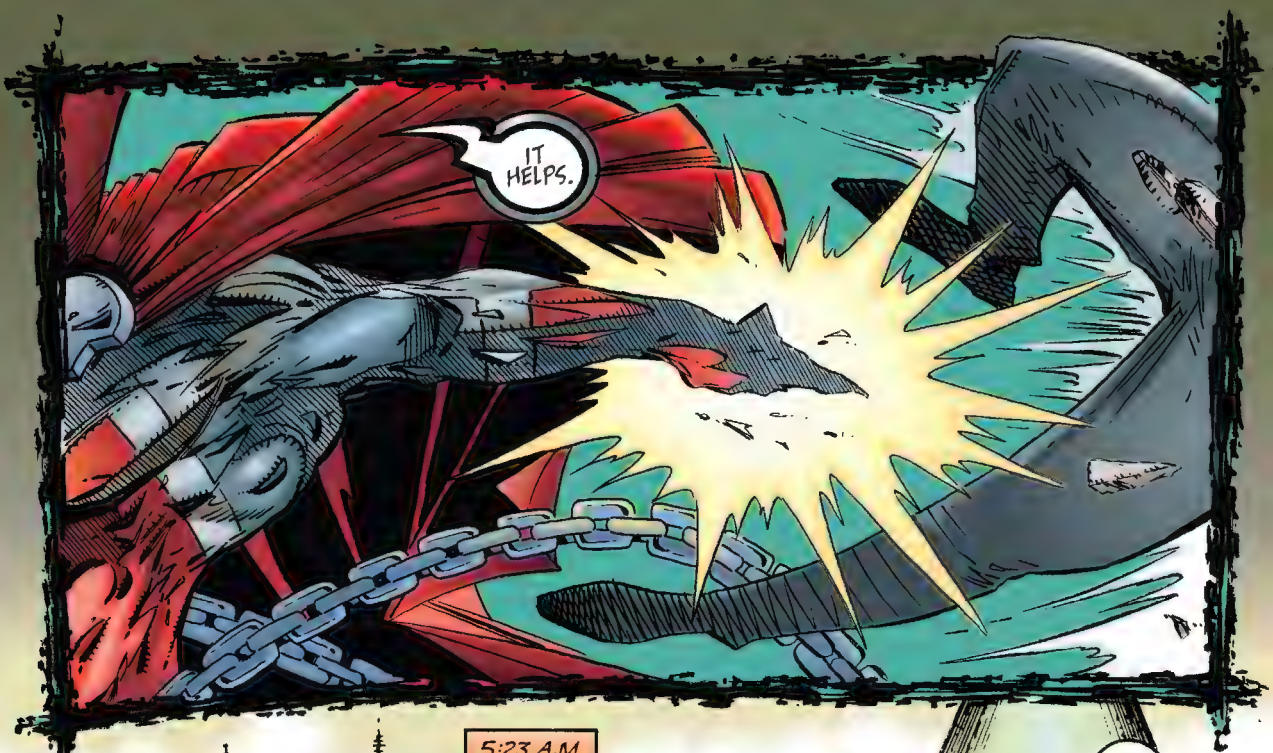




\*ISSUES 6 AND 7--TOW--







IT HELPS.

5:23 A.M.

THE SUN'S FIRST LIGHT SKIMS MANHATTAN -- DARTING AMONG OFFICE TOWERS AND OCCASIONALLY TRICKLING TO ALREADY-BUSY STREETS.

IN THE SUITE POSITIONED TO CATCH THE FIRST GLEAM OF THAT LIGHT SITS VITO GRAVANO, A.K.A. VITO GRAVES, A.K.A. DRACULA ... MAFIA DON AND MADMAN

IS THAT SO?



YES, SIR, MR. GRAVANO.

LOOKS LIKE THIS TOWN'S GOT ANOTHER HERO TRYING TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF.

FINE.

BUT NOT AT MY EXPENSE.

THANKS FOR LAYING OUT THE TRAP, MR. STEWART. I HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR YOU.

Pardon?

YOU'RE FIRED.

YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT.



# SLAM!

TESTY  
LITTLE  
CREEP.

ANYWAYS...

I'M LOOKING  
FORWARD TO A  
**GREAT** WEEK.  
SMITHERS, BRING  
ME UP TO  
DATE.

AS YOU KNOW, SIR, WE'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR LINKS BETWEEN THE  
MURDERS OF YOUR ASSOCIATES AND  
SOME OTHER DISRUPTIVE SITUATIONS...  
THE MATTER OF THAT LITTLE FAT **CLOWN**,  
THE DISMANTLING OF THAT HIRED GUN  
**OVERT-KILL**, AND THE INVASION OF  
YOUR OFFICE BY A **COSTUMED**  
**VIGILANTE**.

CALLING IN **THE**  
**ADMONISHER** TO DEAL  
WITH THE CLOWN WAS A  
BRILLIANT MOVE, SIR.\*

I  
APPRECIATE  
THAT.

WE'RE HAVING TO  
DO A LITTLE DIGGING  
ON THE LATTER TWO  
INCIDENTS.

SORTING OUT THE  
**CLOWN'S** KILLING SPREE  
HAS BEEN EASIER. THERE'S  
NO QUESTION HE CARRIED  
OUT THE HITS ON THE  
OTHER DONS, AND  
THAT HE ACTED  
ALONE.

CONTINUE.

\*VIOLATOR #1--Tom.

REGARDING THE  
**OVERT-KILL**  
SITUATION, WE  
HAVE SOME  
NEW LEADS.

WE HAD  
DRAWINGS  
MADE OF THE  
WEAPONS YOU  
DESCRIBED,  
AS USED BY THE  
COSTUMED  
INVADER.\*

\*ISSUE #6.

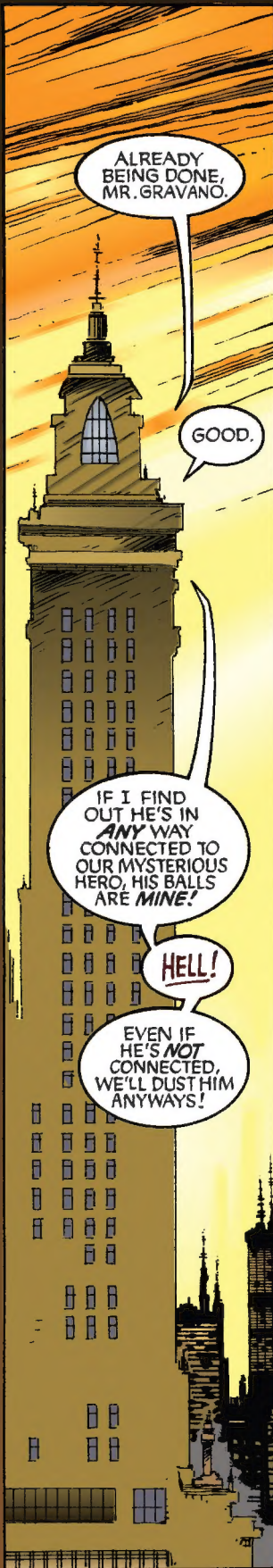
OUR PEOPLE AT THE F.B.I. AND C.I.A.  
BOTH CONFIRM THE THEFT OF  
THOSE WEAPONS. THE FIREPOWER  
WAS EASILY SUFFICIENT TO PIERCE  
OVERT-KILL'S ARMOR.

IT TOOK SOME  
ARM-TWISTING, BUT  
WE GOT A NAME FOR A  
SUSPECT... SOMEONE  
WHO SEEMS TO HAVE  
STICKY FINGERS FOR  
CONFIDENTIAL FILES,  
AS WELL.

HE'S **TERENCE**  
**FITZGERALD**, AN  
OPERATIVE FOR  
SOME ULTRA-  
COVERT  
AGENCY.

GET ME  
EVERYTHING  
YOU CAN  
ON HIM.





ALREADY  
BEING DONE,  
MR. GRAVANO.

GOOD.

IF I FIND  
OUT HE'S IN  
**ANY** WAY  
CONNECTED TO  
OUR MYSTERIOUS  
HERO, HIS BALLS  
ARE **MINE!**

**HELL!**

EVEN IF  
HE'S **NOT**  
CONNECTED,  
WE'LL DUST HIM  
ANYWAYS!



YOU SEE, SMITHERS,  
I HAVE A CERTAIN  
REPUTATION, ONE  
WHICH I'M RATHER  
PROUD OF...  
UNDERSTAND?

YES,  
SIR.

I WILL  
NOT BE  
TRIFLED  
WITH.

SOME GOVERNMENT  
GEEK WANTS TO PLAY  
GOOD-GUY, FINE. AS LONG  
AS HE DOESN'T CROSS  
MY BOUNDRIES. **BUT!...**



...TO COME INTO  
**MY OFFICE**  
AND SHOOT IT  
ALL TO HELL...!

WELL,  
SMITHERS,  
THAT'S NOT  
A SIGN OF WAR.  
**THAT'S A SIGN OF  
SUICIDE!**

...HIS.

MY ASSOCIATES  
ARE ALREADY TALKING  
BEHIND MY BACK. I  
NEED TO SEND A SIGN  
THAT'LL SILENCE  
THEIR SNIGGERING.

FOR NOW,  
I'D LIKE A  
FULL REPORT  
ON THE  
ADMONISHER'S  
PROGRESS.



THEN, GET ME A STATUS  
FILE ON **OVERT-KILL'S**  
CURRENT CONDITION. THEY  
SAID THEY'D BE **DONE**  
WITH HIM BY NOW!!

AND...

...THEY'D  
BETTER HAVE  
**MORE THAN**  
JUST A  
**HEAD!!**\*

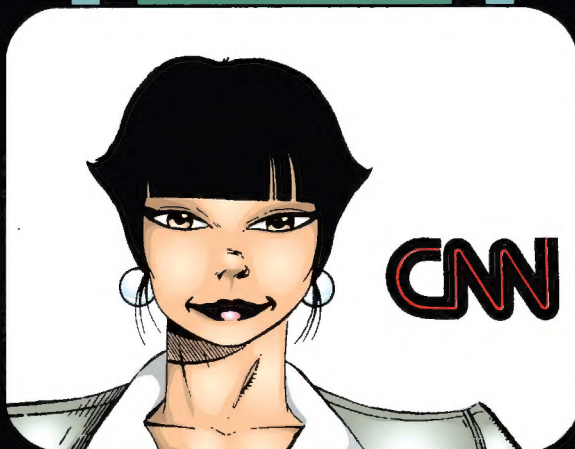
**CRIPES,**  
SMITHERS...

**DEMONS!**  
**HEROES!**  
**CLOWNS!** I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT'S  
**HAPPENING** TO THIS  
DAMN CITY, BUT IT'D  
BETTER KEEP CLEAR  
OF **ME!**

A FEW  
**DEATHS**  
SHOULD DO  
THE JOB.

\*YOUNGBLOOD:  
STRIKEFILE #4.

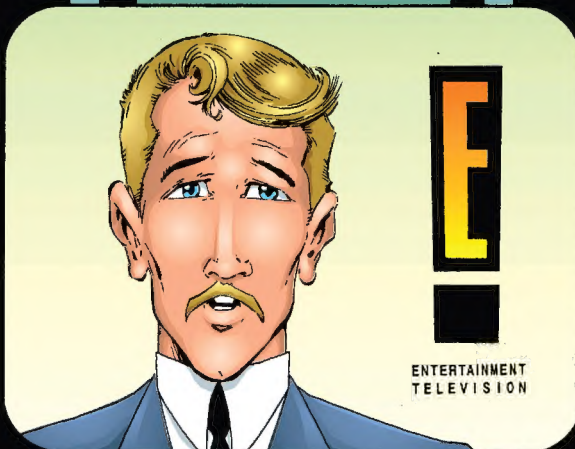




...AN UNEXPECTED NAME IN THE NEWS TODAY IS **JASON WYNN**, A PREVIOUSLY LITTLE-KNOWN DEPARTMENT HEAD AT THE C.I.A. WYNN RECEIVED A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH FROM HIS DOCTORS, ACCORDING TO REPORTS RELEASED TODAY, AND HAS ALREADY BEEN BACK AT WORK SINCE MONDAY.

HE UNDERWENT SOME SIXTY PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS AFTER BEING DISCOVERED CRUMPLED ON HIS OFFICE FLOOR THE PREVIOUS FRIDAY. THERE ARE STILL FEW DETAILS REGARDING HIS ABSENCE WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY OF LAST WEEK, THOUGH ABDUCTION BY A HOSTILE AGENCY HAS NOT BEEN RULED OUT.

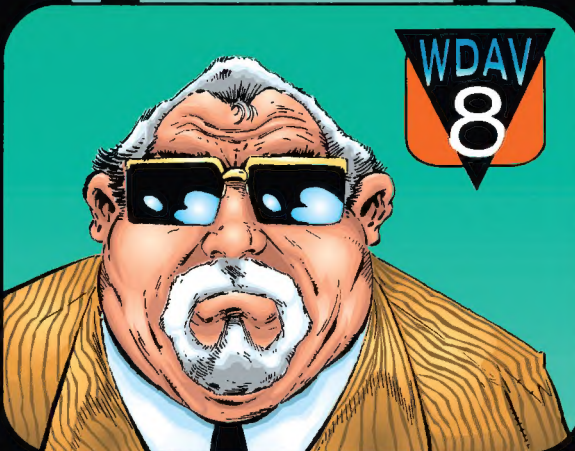
WYNN CLAIMS NO RECOLLECTION OF ANYTHING THAT OCCURED DURING HIS ABSENCE. ACCORDING TO A WITNESS, THE DIRECTOR WAS SPIRITED MYSTERIOUSLY OUT OF A C.I.A. GYMNASIUM. THE DISAPPEARANCE LED TO AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH WHICH ENDED WHEN A NIGHT CUSTODIAN FOUND HIM. APPARENTLY, WYNN HAD SOMEHOW RETURNED UNDETECTED TO HIS OWN PRIVATE OFFICE ON THE TENTH FLOOR, WHICH WAS LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE.



WHAT HAS DOCTORS CONCERNED IS WYNN'S UNEXPLAINABLE PARA-AMNESIA. REPEATED PROBES AND C.A.T. SCANS OF THE DIRECTOR'S BRAIN AND CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM HAS REVEALED NO INDICATIONS OF PHYSICAL TRAUMA OR INVASIVE MANIPULATION OF ANY SORT.

A HOSPITAL SPOKESPERSON, SPEAKING ON CONDITION OF ANONYMITY, EMPHASIZED THAT THERE IS NO SIGN OF INJURY WHATSOEVER AND THAT WYNN IS IN TOP PHYSICAL HEALTH. HOWEVER, HE WILL CONTINUE TO BE TESTED OVER THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS IN CASE SIMILAR SYMPTOMS ARISE.

WYNN WAS UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMENT, BUT HIS PERSONAL AIDE HAS RELATED THAT MR.WYNN IS BACK TO WORK "IN FULL FORCE" AND PROCEEDING AS IF THE ENTIRE EVENT NEVER OCCURED. THE C.I.A., N.S.A. AND N.S.C. ALL HAD NO COMMENT BUT THAT MR. WYNN IS BEING WATCHED CLOSELY FOR ANY SIGNS OF FUTURE ABNORMALITY.



**GREAT DAY IN THE MORNING!** LET'S GO OVER THE FACTS, IF THE C.I.A. DOESN'T MIND. A MEMBER OF THEIR **DIRECTORATE** DISAPPEARS, ala '**STAR TREK**,' APPARENTLY OFF THE FACE OF THE **EARTH**, AND THEN JUST SHOWS UP TWO DAYS LATER, THUMB IN HIS MOUTH, HUDDLED IN A FETAL BALL IN HIS OFFICE. HE REMEMBERS **SQUAT**, BUT THAT'S OKAY, 'CAUSE HE'S ONE OF THE GOOD OL' BOYS. SO, THEY GET HIM TO PEE IN A CUP, A DOZEN TOP-SECURITY DOCTORS WRITE UP A DOZEN UNREADABLE REPORTS, AND THEY SEND HIM BACK TO WORK WITH AN APPLE IN HIS LUNCH-BOX. AT THE SAME TIME, THEY DECLARE IT **MIGHT** HAVE BEEN AN ENEMY ACTION AND YET DON'T BLINK AN EYE AT THE POSSIBILITY OUR TOP-SECRET BOY SCOUT IS **COMPROMISED!**

**WAS** HE KIDNAPPED OR **WASN'T** HE? PERHAPS HE WAS OFF IN ARUBA WITH MISS MONEYPENNY-- OUR TAX PENNIES AT WORK! I BET IF YOU OR I TRIED THIS CRAP WE'D BE WALKING THE STREETS IN TEN SECONDS FLAT. I KNOW **I'LL** SLEEP BETTER KNOWING THAT BOYS LIKE THIS ARE IN CHARGE OF OUR **NATIONAL SECURITY!**





"BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER. THESE G-MEN ARE ALL JUST INTERESTED IN PUSHING THEIR OWN PERSONAL AGENDAS..."

"... AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT **PUBLIC SERVICE.**"

"THESE HIGH AND MIGHTY GOVERNMENT FACTIONS ALL HAVE THEIR LITTLE WARS TO FIGHT, AND SMALL GUYS LIKE YOU AND ME KEEP GETTIN' IN THE WAY!"

"WELL, I JUST HOPE THERE'S SOMEBODY OUT THERE WITH ENOUGH **GUTS** TO STAND UP AND FIGHT BACK!"



EVERYBODY PLUS...  
**OVERT KILL!**





Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE